DC

CARTOON NETWORK

#38 SEP '00

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

Scooby-Doo!™

IT'S ONE TALL PYRAMID, SCOOB, BUT HEY, WE'LL BE *SAFE* AT THE TOP!

STATON & HUNT

BUFFET.

ALL YO CA AT

AH, THIS IS THE LIFE!

THE ONLY MYSTERY I PLAN TO FINISH THIS VACATION IS THE ONE I'M READING.

RALL ROU RAN EAT!

YEP, IT'S ALL YOU CAN EAT, SO THAT MAKES IT A *WORKING* VACATION FOR US-- EH, SCOOBY?

I KNOW I'M WORKING UP AN APPETITE!

:,REE-HEE-HEE:

MMMM. REPPERS!

NO! NO! NO! WAIT, THOSE PEPPERS ARE VERY HOT!

RELAX. SCOOBY LOVES SPICY FOOD. BESIDES, THE GREEN ONES CAN'T BE HOT-- RIGHT, SCOOB?

RIGHT, SCOOB?

ROT SO HOT.

LOOK! SOMEONE'S COMING OUT OF THE JUNGLE--AND HE LOOKS HURT!

WHO ARE YOU? CAN YOU TELL US WHAT HAPPENED?

I-I'M PROFESSOR QUATERMASS. I'M AN *ARCHEOLOGIST.*

I WAS EXAMINING SOME MAYAN RUINS OUT IN THE JUNGLE, WHEN MY TEAM AND I WERE *ATTACKED.*

ATTACKED?! ATTACKED BY WHAT?

BY A *BALAM.*

PROFESSOR! ARE YOU OKAY? WE FOUND EVERYONE BUT YOU!

A BALAM? WHAT'S A BALAM?

MY STUDENT MARIA HERE CAN TELL YOU.

A BALAM IS A *SPIRIT CREATURE*-- HALF MAN AND HALF JAGUAR.

I TRIED TO WARN HIM, BUT HE WOULDN'T LISTEN. THIS CREATURE IS--

--THE CURSE OF THE JUNGLE TOMB!

JOHN ROZUM-writer
JOE STATON-penciller
DAVE HUNT-inker
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LIKE, I BET IF WE WERE IN THE MYSTERY MACHINE, IT WOULD HAVE CAUGHT A FLAT TIRE BY NOW.

VROOM

FRED, ARE YOU AND DAPHNE SURE WE'RE STILL ON THE TRAIL? THIS JUNGLE LOOKS PRETTY *DENSE.*

YEAH, LIKE, WEREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO TAKE A LEFT TURN BACK AT THE TWO MONKEYS WE SAW IN THAT TREE?

REAH, RACK AT THE RONKEYS!

NO, THIS IS STILL THE ROUTE PROFESSOR QUATERMASS MARKED OUT FOR US. OUR LEFT TURN MARKER SHOULD BE JUST AHEAD...

...AND *THERE IT IS!*

LIKE, YOU WEREN'T KIDDING, DAPHNE, WHEN YOU SAID IT WAS *JUST A HEAD!*

AND THIS MUST BE THE SITE.

JEEPERS!

LOOK--IT'S JUST LIKE PROFESSOR QUATERMASS SAID. SOMETHING SLASHED ALL THE TIRES ON THOSE TRUCKS!

P-PROBABLY THAT JAGUAR SPIRIT!

I'M DR. JUAN GUITERREZ. WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE TOMB OF THE MAYA.

PROFESSOR QUATERMASS TOLD US YOU WERE HAVING TROUBLE. WE CAME TO HELP.

THANK YOU. COME...LET ME GIVE YOU THE *GRAND TOUR!*

THIS POTTERY IS FROM THE CLASSIC PERIOD. MAYANS DID THEIR MOST *SOPHISTICATED* ART DURING THIS TIME.

WE'RE TRANSPORTING THE ARTIFACTS TO A MUSEUM FOR SAFE-KEEPING. WE DON'T WANT *LOOTERS* TO FIND OUT ABOUT THIS SITE.

HEH-HEH. NO. THEY ARE SIMILAR--BUT ALSO VERY *DIFFERENT*. THIS PYRAMID HOUSES THE JUNGLE TOMB OF AN IMPORTANT MAYAN KING.

ON THE TOP OF THE PYRAMID, THERE'S A PLATFORM WHERE THE *JAGUAR PRIEST* WOULD OFFER *K'AWIL* TO THE MAYAN GODS.

ONCE THE ARTIFACTS ARE SECURE, WE'LL CLEAR THAT TRAIL YOU TOOK INTO A MORE USABLE ROAD, WHICH CAN BRING TOURISTS HERE.

WHAT'S WITH THAT CRAZY PYRAMID IN THE MIDDLE OF THE JUNGLE? LIKE, AREN'T THEY SUPPOSED TO BE IN EGYPT?

K'AWIL? SOUNDS PRETTY CRAZY. WHAT IS IT?

IT COULD BE A NUMBER OF THINGS: SAP, MAIZE, GUM FROM TREES--

--HUMAN BLOOD.

RUDD?!

LIKE, SUDDENLY, I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD.

RHEE, REITHER.

LOOK! SOMEONE'S UP THERE!

RIS IT RHE RAGUAR RIEST?

HE'S NOT GOING TO TAKE OUR BLOOD, IS HE?!

NO, THERE HASN'T BEEN A PRIEST LIKE THAT FOR CENTURIES...

THAT'S THE BALAM!

ZOINKS!

RA-OW!!!

RAAOOO-

OOWWWW

<RUN!>

<THE JAGUAR IS ATTACKING!>

<WAIT! COME BACK!>

LIKE, I THINK THEY HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA. RUN, SCOOB!

RIGHT REHIND ROU!

SCOOBY! SHAGGY! WAIT!

THAT LEADS INTO THE TOMB ITSELF! THERE'S NO WAY OUT!

WELL, IT HAS TO BE SAFER THAN OUT HERE WITH THE JAGUAR!

LET'S GO, GANG!

RIKES! REEPY!

YOU SAID IT, SCOOB. QUICK, LET'S HIDE IN THAT BIG STONE TRUNK!

ZOINKS! IT LOOKS LIKE THIS HIDING SPACE IS ALREADY SPOKEN FOR!

RELETON!

ZOINK ZOINKS ZOINKS

THAT SOUNDED LIKE SHAGGY!

BUT WHICH WAY DID IT COME FROM? WE'D BETTER SPLIT UP.

VELMA, YOU AND DR. GUITERREZ GO TO THE RIGHT, DAPHNE AND I WILL TAKE THE LEFT!

HMMM.

MEW

FRED, DID YOU HEAR THAT?

IT SOUNDS LIKE IT CAME FROM ONE OF THOSE CHAMBERS AHEAD.

NOTHING THERE, LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT DOOR NUMBER TWO...

RA-OW!!

YIKES!!!

YIKES YIKES YIKES

THAT SCREAM MUST MEAN FRED AND DAPHNE FOUND THE JAGUAR, WHICH MEANS THAT YOU AND ME ARE PERFECTLY--

--SAFE. GULP

RRRR

PHOOF

RUH-ROH, RAGGY.

OOF

CRASH!

BUMP!

ZOINKS! THE JAGUAR'S GOT ME, SCOOB!

CLONG!

REE TOO! RELP!

RAGGY?

LIKE, IF YOU'RE NOT THE JAGUAR, THEN WHO ARE WE SITTING ON?

ME, HELP ME FIND MY GLASSES BEFORE SOMEONE STEPS ON THEM!

WE RAN IN HERE LOOKING FOR YOU WHEN THE TORCH WENT OUT.

THE JAGUAR BLEW IT OUT!

WELL, WE'D BETTER FIND IT BEFORE IT FINDS FRED AND DAPHNE.

LIKE, I THINK IT ALREADY GOT THEM. SCOOB AND I HEARD A SCREAM...

ROOK! RHERE GROES THE RAGUAR!

COME ON!

GRRRR

RA OOWOH

CRASH!

LOOK! THE OTHERS CAPTURED THE JAGUAR!

IT LOOKS LIKE YOU CAPTURED A COUPLE OF YOUR OWN.

THEY'RE CUBS! THEY WERE ALL ALONE IN A CHAMBER AT THE OTHER END OF THE CORRIDOR.

AT LEAST YOURS ARE *REAL*. LET'S SEE WHO THE FAKE JAGUAR REALLY IS.

MARIA MARQUEZ! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO KEPT TRYING TO GET THE PROFESSOR TO *ABANDON* THIS SITE!

HOW DID YOU KIDS KNOW THE JAGUAR WAS A FAKE?

THE FAKE JAGUAR WAS WEARING *AZTEC* COSTUMING. THESE ARE *MAYAN* RUINS--TWO ENTIRELY *DIFFERENT* CULTURES!

I DID IT FOR *THEM*. THIS TOMB IS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A HABITAT OF REAL JAGUARS.

IF YOU BUILD THAT ROAD FOR TOURISM, IT WILL ONLY DESTROY MORE OF THEIR HABITAT. I HOPE YOU'LL THINK TWICE ABOUT IT NOW.

MEW

MEW

LIKE, HEY!

IT LOOKS LIKE SHAGGY SHARES YOUR FEELINGS FOR THE JAGUAR CUBS, MS. MARQUEZ.

HA

HA HA HA

KIDS! KIDS! LIKE, ONE AT A TIME!

The End

GEE, VELMA, HOW PERFECT-- VACATIONING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND FINALLY GETTING TO MEET YOUR COUSIN *LUDWIG*.

JINKIES, LAST TIME I SAW HIM HE WAS MAKING HOMEMADE COMPUTERS OUT OF *SCRAPS*, AND NOW HE'S ONE OF THE HOTTEST COMPUTER DESIGNERS AROUND.

UH, THERE MIGHT BE A SLIGHT DELAY.

LIKE, WHY, FRED, OL' PAL?

BOOMPH KA-CHUT CHUT-KA PWEEEN...

THAT'S WHY. THE ENGINE'S OVERHEATED... OR *WORSE*.

I'M GONNA PULL OVER AND TAKE A LOOK UNDER THE HOOD.

:GROAN:

LIKE, MAYBE IT'S JUST THE HEAT, BUT THOSE *STEAMING CABLES* LOOK KINDA LIKE A PLATE OF *HOT SPAGHETTI*, LIKE.

WELL, THE PICNIC COOLER IS EMPTY, SO YOU GUYS'LL JUST HAVE TO BE PATIENT WHILE I FIX THIS...

REAH, REAH. SLORP, SLORP!

THE MYSTERY MACHINE

...IF I CAN.

...THE *AIR FILTER* LOOKS LIKE A *DEEP DISH PIZZA*, AND, LIKE, THE *DISTRIBUTOR CAP* LOOKS LIKE A *CUP-CAKE*... OR A *PUMPER-NICKEL MUFFIN*.

LOOK, FELLAS, I CAN'T CONCENTRATE WHILE YOU RATTLE ON ABOUT *EDIBLE ENGINE PARTS*.

REAH, REAH. RUMPER-RICKEL RUFFIN. RO BOY!

25 MINUTES LATER.

I'M HAVING NO LUCK AT ALL.

THIS ENGINE REPAIR STUFF IS HARDER THAN IT LOOKS.

ANOTHER 20 MINUTES LATER...

WELL, I CAN'T FIX THE ENGINE, PLUS MY LUCKY ASCOT IS COMPLETELY RUINED. IT'S COVERED WITH ENGINE GOO!

YOU GAVE IT THE OLD COLLEGE TRY, FREDDY. DON'T WORRY.

YUCK, YOU REALLY DID GET GRIMY.

THAT BUSTED MOTOR SURE DID A NUMBER ON MY ASCOT. RATS.

HEY, HELP!

GOOD IDEA, FRED, OL' PAL. MAYBE HE'S GOT EATS!

I MEANT HELP WITH THE CAR, SHAGGY.

HEY, HEY!

TECHNO? HECK, NO!

BOB FINGERMAN - writer
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YOU HAVING SOME MOTOR TROUBLE, MISS?

WE WERE ON OUR WAY TO VISIT MY COUSIN LUDWIG WHEN OUR VAN OVERHEATED.

YEAH, IT GETS PRETTY DARN HOT OUT HERE THIS TIME OF YEAR.

YEP, THAT ENGINE IS TOAST.

HEY, THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM IN MY LIMO. IF YOU'D LIKE, I COULD GIVE YOU ALL A RIDE TO MY COMPLEX WHILE YOU WAIT FOR THE TOW TRUCK.

"COMPLEX"?

WAIT A SEC, I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! YOU'RE *WILL WEIR*, PRESIDENT OF *APTI-TEK COMPUTERS!*

YEAH, THAT'S ME. :SNURFLE:

LIKE, YOU SHOWED UP JUST IN TIME. WE WERE, LIKE, READY TO KEEL OVER FROM STARVATION.

REAH!

MY PLEASURE, GUYS. SO, WHAT BRINGS YOU TO THIS NECK OF THE COAST?

VACATIONING--AND VISITING VELMA'S COUSIN LUDWIG.

LUDWIG, HUH? THAT WOULDN'T BE *LUDWIG VAN HAMMERSLEY*, WOULD IT?

YOU'VE *HEARD* OF MY COUSIN?

OH, SURE. THE SO-CAL TECH COMMUNITY IS A PRETTY CLOSE-KNIT ONE.

@pti-tek compound

YEAH, YOUR COUSIN LUDWIG IS REPUTEDLY QUITE THE UP-AND-COMER. *I'M* EVEN IMPRESSED.

I FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN. THANKS FOR HAVING YOUR STAFF CLEAN ME UP. BOY, I NEVER THOUGHT THAT GUNK WOULD WASH OUT.

GLAD TO HELP.

THE VAN 'AS LIKEWISE BEEN RESTORED, M'LADY. WOULD YOU LIKE TO PHONE YOUR COUSIN?

MY, THAT WAS FAST. SURE, THANKS.

UH, NOT TO SOUND UNGRATEFUL, SIR, BUT I FEEL NAKED WITHOUT MY ASCOT.

OH YEAH! HEY, BRECKENRIDGE, WHERE IS THIS GUY'S NECKER-CHIEF?

YOUR ASCOT, SIR.

THANKS. THAT'S BETTER. LEMME JUST TIE IT...

OUCH.

"OUCH?" WHAT'S THE MATTER?

OH, NOTHING, REALLY. IT'S JUST A LITTLE SCRATCHY.

BRECKENRIDGE, HARSH ON THE LAUNDRESS FOR USING HARD WATER AND STARCH.

YES, M'LORD.

...THAT IS ODD, LUDWIG. WHEN WE GET THERE WE'LL LOOK INTO IT. BE THERE SOON, CUZ.

'BYE.

THANKS A MILLION, MR. WEIR! 'BYE!

'BYE, GUYS! ENJOY THE REST OF YOUR VISIT!

VAIN HAMMERSLEY SUPERCONDUCTORS, LIMITED.

GREAT TO SEE YOU, COUSIN VELMA!

GREAT TO SEE YOU, TOO, LUDWIG! THESE ARE MY FRIENDS DAPHNE, SHAGGY, FREDDY AND SCOOBY.

YOU WERE TELLING ME ABOUT ODD OCCURRENCES HAPPENING ON THE PREMISES?

STRANGE, POLTERGEIST-ISH THINGS, CHAIRS ROLLING ALONG BY THEMSELVES, THINGS FALLING OFF SHELVES. BUT IT COULD BE JUST STATIC ELECTRICITY OR SOMETHING.

THAT'S WHY WE'VE IMPLEMENTED THESE *NON-STATIC BOOTIES* IN HERE.

BUT ENOUGH ABOUT THAT. I WANT TO SHOW YOU MY NEW *SUPER-SUPER-CONDUCTOR CHIP*. SOON I'LL UNVEIL IT TO THE WORLD.

IT MIGHT MAKE ME THE BIGGEST NAME IN COMPUTERS... *THIS* MONTH. THINGS CHANGE AWFUL FAST IN THIS BIZ.

THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH THINGS THESE DAYS. ONE SECOND THEY'RE THE *HOT NEW THING*, NEXT SECOND THEY'RE *OLD HAT*.

TECHNOLOGY-- *PHOOEY*.

FREDDY!

LIKE, IMPOLITESVILLE, FREDSTER!

HEH-HEH. THAT'S OKAY, GANG. THERE'S A *LUDDITE* ON EVERY TOUR.

LIKE, WHAT'S A LUDDITE?

LUDDITES WERE FOLLOWERS OF *NED LUDD*, WHO OPPOSED THE "*LABOR-SAVING MACHINES*" THAT THREATENED THEIR JOBS BACK IN THE EARLY *19TH CENTURY*.

NOW IT'S A TERM THAT MEANS FOLKS OPPOSED TO MODERN TECHNOLOGY.

IF YOU ASK ME, *THEY* HAD THE *RIGHT* IDEA.

FREDDY, WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU?

GRUMBLE, MUTTER... DARN ITCHY ASCOT.

IT'S OKAY. C'MON, I'LL SHOW YOU MY LATEST INNOVATION!

BEHOLD, THE VAN HAMMERSLEY SUPER-SUPERCONDUCTOR!

OOOOH.

AAAH.

EH. :; Yawn ;:

YOWWWLLL!!!

ZOINKS!

GOOD GRAVY... A G-GHOST!

THERE GOES OUR VACATION!

YOWWWL! MANKIND MUST PUT AN END TO COMPUTERS...

...OR COMPUTERS WILL PUT AN END TO MANKIND!

YOU KNOW, THE GHOST MAKES A GOOD POINT!

FREDDY! HONESTLY!

YOWWWL!

TASTY SNACKS

ZOINKS! I'M, LIKE, CHANGELESS, SCOOB! GOT ANY CHANGE?

RNOPE!

TASTY SNACKS

YOWWWL!

LIKE, SO MUCH FOR A LAST MEAL!

REAH!

TASTY SNACKS

CHIP FABRICATION SUBDIVISION
NON STATIC BOOTIES REQUIRED AT ALL TIMES

DON'T YOU SEE? THE BRAIN IS JUST A COMPUTER!

ONCE AGAIN I AGREE WITH THE GHOST!

LIKE, WHEN DID YOU GET SO DOWN ON TECHNOLOGY?

SUBDIVISION
NON STATIC BOOTIES REQUIRED AT ALL TIMES

CHIPS, CHIPS EVERYWHERE... BUT NOT THE TYPE TO EAT!

THIS IS NO TIME TO MISQUOTE COLERIDGE! FORGET THE CHIPS--

--IT'S TIME TO DIP!

ZOINKS!

EEP!

NOT SO FAST, MORTALS!

EXIT

:GASP:

I'LL LET ALL OF YOU LEAVE... EXCEPT THE BLOND FELLOW.

HE SEEMS A KINDRED SPIRIT, AND SINCE I AM BUT AN ETHEREAL BEING, I SHALL NEED HIS SOLID HUMAN HANDS TO ASSIST ME...

...IN DESTROYING THE NEW SUPER-CHIP! BWAA-HA-HA!

:GULP:

SKRITCH SKRITCH

WE'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE WITHOUT FREDDY!

YOUR LOYALTY IS ADMIRABLE...

...BUT NO SOAP, GIRLY! HE STAYS OR YOU ALL PERISH!

EXIT

EEP!

GEE, IF YOU STAY WE GET TO LEAVE? LIKE, I SEE WHAT YOU MEANT ABOUT THE GHOST HAVING SOME GOOD POINTS. GOOD LUCK, PAL.

REAH, REAH, ROTSA RUCK!

EXIT

NO! WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE FREDDY BEHIND!

LIKE, YOU HAVE ANOTHER IDEA?

OKAY, BLONDIE, LET'S GET THAT SUPER-CONDUCTOR THINGY!

:GULP: O-OKAY, BUT I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT ANY OF THIS TECHNO-BABBLE MEANS.

JUST DO IT! BE MY HANDS!

WE CAN'T LEAVE FREDDY IN THERE WITH THAT... THING!

WAIT, WHY WOULD A TECHNOLOGY-HATING GHOST BE SO SINGLE-MINDED ABOUT WRECKING ONE SUPERCONDUCTOR? WOULDN'T HE WANT TO DESTROY THE WHOLE LAB?

YEAH, AND DID ANYONE ELSE NOTICE HOW FREDDY KEPT SCRATCHING HIS NECK?

REAH.

FREDDY STARTED ACTING WEIRD THE SECOND WE LEFT MR. WEIR'S COMPOUND...

WEIR, AS IN WILLIAM WEIR?

THAT'S IT! WEIR IS USING THE GHOST FOR CORPORATE ESPIONAGE!

BUT HOW? LIKE, A TRAINED GHOST?

RAT'S 'RAZY!

YEAH, CRAZY LIKE A FOX, SCOOB.

THUNK

IT'S NO USE, I CAN'T MAKE A DENT IN THIS CASE.

TRY SOME OTHER IMPLEMENT, YOU MORTAL FOOL!

XIT

Y-YESSIR, MR. GHOST!

HUH?
WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS?
EXIT
HEY! WHAT GOES ON? I...
HEY, MY ASCOT!
OKAY, TURN ON THE LIGHTS!
VELMA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY ASCOT? WHERE'S THE GHOST?
HE'S IN HERE! THERE NEVER WAS A GHOST.
LET ME SEE THAT ASCOT!
I'LL BE DARNED. THE GHOST WAS A HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION EMANATING FROM MY ASCOT?
RIGHT. WHEN WEIR HAD YOUR KERCHIEF CLEANED, HE ALSO HAD HIS OWN GIZMO SEWN INTO IT. THAT APTI-TEK LOGO EMBLAZONED OVER IT IS THE GIVEAWAY.
@PTI-TEK
A COMBINATION HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTOR AND TRANSMITTER-RECEIVER, THAT ALSO SCRAMBLED YOUR MIND A LITTLE.
THAT SMALL JAB YOU FELT WHEN YOU PUT IT ON WASN'T STARCH, BUT RATHER A PIN FROM THE CHIP.
LIKE, I THOUGHT SOMETHING WAS UP BECAUSE, LIKE, FREDDY REALLY DIGS PLAYING HIS VIDEO GAMES.
REAH, RIKE "REET RIGHTER" AND "ROMB RAIDER."
WELL, NOW I THINK A LITTLE TURNABOUT...
...IS FAIR PLAY.

SOON...

READY, COUSIN?

THE MYSTERY MACHINE

READY! THANKS FOR THE LOAN OF YOUR EQUIP-MENT!

I'VE GRAFTED WEIR'S PERNICIOUS CHIP INTO THE MOTHERBOARD OF THAT LAPTOP. IT SHOULD WORK.

GOOD, BECAUSE HIS PHONE IS RINGING.

BRIP BRIP BRIP BRIP BRIP BRIP

JUST A SECOND, I'M COMING, I'M COMING, ALREADY!

@PTI-TEK COMPOUND

HELLO?

GROOWWWLLL! YOU'VE DONE A VERY WICKED THING, WILLIAM! GROOWL!

GAH!

G-GHOST!

R-REAL LIVE G-GHOST!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! IT'S... IT'S...OH NO.

OH YES!

IT WASN'T VERY NICE OF YOU TO TRY TO USE US, MR. WEIR.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MR. WEIR. WHY WOULD SOMEONE WHO'S ALREADY SO SUCCESSFUL TRY TO STEAL MY COUSIN'S INVENTION?

STEALING IS CHEAPER. THAN RESEARCH. IT'S THE AMERICAN WAY!

SORRY, MR. WEIR. THE AMERICAN WAY IS HARD WORK AND INNOVATION.

YEAH. "ASCOT WHAT YOUR COUNTRY CAN DO FOR YOU; ASK WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR YOUR COUNTRY."

HA HA

HA

HA

I WOULD'VE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU!

IT WAS GOOD TO SEE LUDWIG, BUT I NEED A VACATION AFTER THIS VACATION.

HEY, I'VE GOT A RELATIVE IN THIS AREA WHO MAKES CHIPS, TOO.

LIKE, UH, I'VE HAD ENOUGH...

THERE'S HIS PLACE NOW!

Uncle NATE'S Ol' Fashioned Potato Chips

POTATO CHIPS?!?

LIKE, THESE 'RE THE BEST CHIPS WE'VE SEEN ALL DAY!

RAT'S FOR SURE! ROOBY-ROOBY-ROOOO!

HA HA HA HA

End

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"